# A SUMMER JAUNT IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

BY MRS. E. S. THACKARA.

[A DAUGHTER OF THE LATE GENERAL SHERMAN.]

NORTH SYDNEY.

## NUMBER ONE.

It is a glorious afternoon, Saturday, the 16th of August, as we board the *Sappho*, at the Bar Harbor dock, for Mount Desert Ferry.

*The beauty of the sunlit voyage up Frenchman's Bay adds another pang to* what we already feel in leaving the enchanting resort of charming people, where we have spent a delightful fortnight. At Mount Desert Ferry we take the train for Bangor, where the last familiar faces are parted with, and we are fairly started on our flying trip through the maritime provinces of the Dominion of Canada, though it may be well to add we find, afterward, that "flying" is hardly an appropriate term to apply to Canadian travel.

In a blissful state of car-slumber, we are carried into the Queen's dominions past the dreaded custom-house officials; not dreadful to us, because we have limited ourselves to hand-baggage, which, on retiring, we leave open for their convenience; and at an early hour of the morning, we have mounted into the ruins of an ancient hack, and are driven to the Victoria Hotel, on King street, in St. John, New Brunswick. It is Sunday; so, depositing our small baggage, we join the stream of church-goers, and stroll across the King square and up Waterloo street to the cathedral. The severe Gothic structure, massive and gloomy, is filled with the kind of congregation that throngs the early services in our own churches. All of the pews open on the side aisles, leaving a broad space in the center for kneeling and standing worshipers. The hotel looks quite awake when we return to attack a good breakfast. A complete tour of St. John—the whole length of its street railroads, and the rest of the day sauntering in all directions—leaves the picture upon my mind of a rather forlorn town of gloomy stone buildings, well scattered amidst unpainted frame-houses, numerous churches and quantities of book-stores. Could it really be the "Liverpool of Canada," the "fourth port of the British empire?"

It must be; for what better authority need we than Sweetser's guide-book? It was in this unromantic-looking spot, discovered by Champlain and De Monts, in 1604, that Madame La Tour died. Charles de St. Estienne, Lord de la Tour, a Huguenot nobleman, built fortifications at St. John, in 1634, for the fur trade. When his ancient enemy from Acadia, Charles de Menon, Sieur d'Aulnay Charnisay, attacked him, La Tour sailed to New England to ask assistance from the Puritans.

Whilst they searched the Scriptures for an excuse to refuse him the aid which was hard to give, his heroic wife held the fortress, until at last, being obliged to surrender, she died of a broken heart. D'Aulnay, its conqueror, soon afterward died, also. The romantic tale is complete when the sorrowing widower consoled himself and regained his domain by a *coup d'état*—he married the widow in possession [1653].

St. John shared in the constant struggle between England and France, still later becoming one of the retreats of the American Loyalists in 1783. English flags wave from many poles even in private gardens, and sometimes our stars and stripes float upon the same breeze in friendly proximity. Victims of insomnia should give St. John a trial before despairing, for it neither boasts of the jubilant cock-crows of the country nor the early carts on cobblestones. So we think, at least, after a refreshing night, when, bound for Annapolis, at seven Monday morning we board the *Monticello* in St. John's pretty harbor (alas! concealed by a New Brunswick fog). The Bay of Fundy seems a trifle uninteresting as we sit on the covered deck in a pouring rain. Could we but see the mighty tide-worn shores, the graphic pictures of Mr. Francis Parkman might people them with Abenakis bivouacking by some of the innumerable caves, "whilst their squaws gather blackberries and whortleberries or clams and oysters."

But now the clouds are lifting with the high noon, the shores are close upon us and we are passing through the Gut into Annapolis Bay. So it welcomed the brave explorer, De Monts, who first beheld it in 1604. Discovered and settled by the French, whose priests labored amongst the Indians and converted thousands to Christianity, no portion of the earth of twice its value was more dearly contested than old Acadia. Scotch, English and so-called Bostonians vied in their wars upon its inhabitants and settlers.

We are told that the English were obliged to conquer and possess themselves of all Canadian lands because the Indians were incited by the French to massacre and harass the inhabitants of New England. But it may well be asked, in reply, who incited the savages to all their attacks upon the Canadians? Have not Indian hostilities always ceased only when the Indians themselves have been reduced to pitiless dependence or been driven from their much-coveted possessions?

And when we recall the dark struggle for Acadia, does it not seem strange that France should have allowed this colony to slip from her grasp? For surely it was not lost through its own weakness nor through any fault of its defenders; on the contrary, Acadia fell into the possession of another power solely through the neglect and indifference of the mother country, then ruled over by the profligate court of Louis XIV.

Even in this sunlit, pretty bay such thoughts crowd upon me as we draw up at Digby, a village of scattered white dwellings, where the herrings are called "Digby chickens." We part with but few passengers here. The deck seems quite a new place with the sun upon it and the wooded, rolling shores in full sight. Thanks to the high tide, there are no dismal red mud-banks of which we have heard, and we are all too soon in the train at the plain little station at Annapolis. How can I say "too soon" when every moment carries us into an enchanted region, "the meadows on the Basin of Minas, made more sadly poetical than any other spot in the Western Continent" by Longfellow! Yes, we are approaching Grand Pré, and the pathos and beauty of Evangeline's story blind us to the possible shortcoming of this "Garden Land."

Charmingly pretty it is and also fertile enough to increase our already deep sympathy with the gentle Acadians driven pitilessly from the home of their own discovery and cultivation.

Grand Pré still remains, with nothing but a memory of them left:

"West and South there were fields of flax and orchards and corn-fields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose and the forest old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended;
There in the midst of its farms reposed the Acadian village."

Picture these peaceful farmers, when assembled by the British Moncton and his soldiers in their church, he said to them:

"Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous, yet must I bow and obey the will of our monarch, namely:

"'That all your lands and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands.'"

What consternation! Yet they themselves little dreamed of the sundering of families, the utter scattering and destruction of their entire community. Upon a pleasure trip we must bury sad thoughts, and dwell more upon God's works than man's perversion of them. We are told by a fellow-traveller that Mr. Longfellow never visited the country which he describes in his sad and beautiful story.

Having gone some miles north of the direct line to Halifax for a glimpse of Grand Pré, we are now leaving the Basin of Minas, and the country has thrown off its agricultural garb. It grows more ruggedly barren each mile, until the much maligned town of Halifax, formerly Chibucton, is reached. Lakes here and there sparkle in roseate hues as the sun declines, and the Bedford Basin spreads before us as a liquid magenta surface margined with dark foliage on straggling hills. We take our sandwiches and tea at the counter of a small eating-station, which are flavored for me by the novelty of being seated upon a high stool. It is almost dark when at seven o'clock we arrive at a big, smoky, brick station situated north of the town, a precipice and a navy yard on either side.

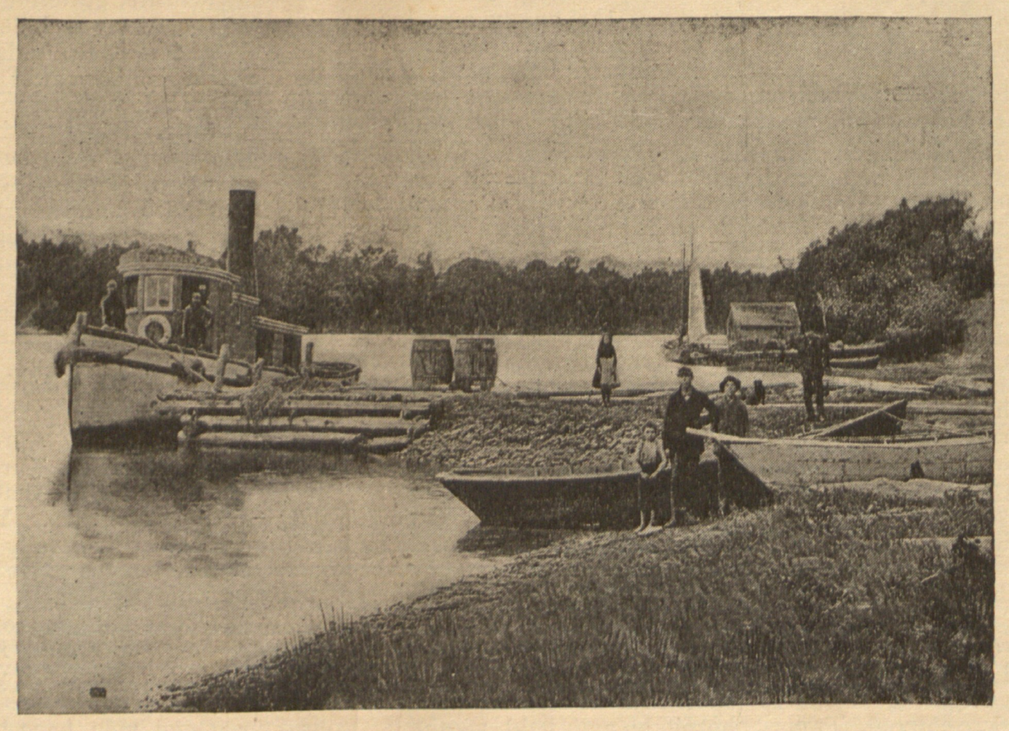
A very friendly driver takes possession of our precious bags and our still more precious selves, and sails up an endless faintly lighted street of unprepossessing houses. The only hotel against which we have not been solemnly and feelingly warned, we find full, so we drive straight for the wharf (glancing up the hill at the imperceptible outline of the citadel). The steamer *Princess Beatrice* is to start at eleven o'clock for the North, along the coast of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island. Delightful! Just our desired route, and the driver assures us "she is first-class." But this first-class craft will bunk us indiscriminately in with five of the passengers, who "generally are sea-sick," the officer admits, so I rebel against this change of plans. Quite despondently we drive this time to the principal hotel, and if you want a meal when you stop in Halifax, go to some other place—but the rooms are comfortable. We prowl quite aimlessly about the streets trying to see all we can, as we are to leave by train in the morning, until a bookseller—we always drop in at these fascinating shops—advises us not to venture in the neighborhood of the citadel, for "the ships are in and the sailor men loose."

As our breakfast at 6:30 is most alarmingly shabby, we bid a willing farewell, at least, to the hotel, and drive once more along Barrington street. At last we have a glimpse of the citadel on its commanding heights, pass the ordnance department and post-office. The cathedral is pointed out, and then begins the long wall of the navy-yard, which reaches to our station. In the tranquil harbor lie three men-of-war—one, *H. M. S. Thrush*, commanded by Prince George of Wales.

Now we are on the Intercolonial Railway, at seven-thirty, Tuesday morning, August nineteenth, bound northward for Mulgrave.

Next to the window with a passably good novel and a charming day, the view of sterile country, redeemed by pretty lakes and woods of pine and hemlock, is most agreeable. And the wild flowers! They delight us, for they are the same that line our roads in autumn—two kinds of golden-rod, both vividly yellow; the flowering thistle, and the white straw-flower, on sage-green stems, almost smothered in feathery grasses.

At Truro, a neat town of white houses in gardens and miniature churches, we change cars and scenes. Following an amber-colored stream, which gently bubbles over a stony bed and is bordered by groves of small forest-trees, we emerge again into the fertile portion of Nova Scotia. The barbed wire of the "States" furnishes the greater part of the provincial fences, for miles and miles. Now we are nearing Mulgrave on the Gut of Canso, at three o'clock by my watch, but two, by my stalwart companion's, who clings to standard time. Scattered along the shores of St. George's Bay is the town which is represented at the wharf by two frame buildings. At the foot of a gently sloping hill we step joyfully, though dinnerless, upon the trim little steamer *Marion*. Possessing ourselves of the keys to good state-rooms, we go upon deck to survey our situation, still anxious for dinner. A big, flat, black-looking ferry-boat plies the strait across to Fort Hastings. Leaving this as we steam north we seem in undisputed possession of a private harbor, so fair and so peaceful! The strait narrows, the sun comes nearer earth, and day is closing in upon the Strait of Canso. Dusky forms of Micmacs should swarm on the wooded shores, but few are left in widely scattered camps, and no trace remains of the settlements of the Sieur de Fronsac, after whom the strait was called [1518]. The Loyalists from Florida, coming here after the American Revolution, suffered terribly from the rigorous climate, but the hardy Highlander has found a congenial home along these shores. Isle Madame is close to us, and we are nearing Lenox Ferry, a small whitewashed settlement in green fields. It is our first stop, and all the passengers, according to invariable custom, collect on the forward upper deck to inspect the loading and unloading. Upon the wharf stands a



LITTLE BRAS D'OR, CAPE BRETON.

young-looking priest, very smiling and fresh. Close by, in an admiring group of rustics, are an unmistakable bride and groom. He is a tall, good-looking Breton with French brown eyes and jaunty air. She is dressed in a bright cashmere gown with white ribbons; high upon her head is balanced a millinery study of white satin and pink rosebuds; in her gloved hand she carries a white bouquet of garden flowers. I see all these details before I am aware that her face is strongly Scotch. The bride and groom and cheerful *padre* come aboard with many "good-byes." A very small trunk is carefully carried on, being their only baggage, and away we steam through a narrow channel, passing the *Lenox*, a ferryboat, we are told, which we had suspected of being a monstrous and bold lobster.

Each little white village nestling on the green, undulating shores in sleepy content clusters about one white frame church, which rears its simple cross above a slender spire. An architect would starve in these regions, for both temple and mansion are built from the charming models we copy in our first drawing-books; this is why they are so familiar in outline.

But I have forgotten the bridal couple, who attract much more attention than the bays or islands—perhaps because of their being newer. Some little girls pass round and round about them like a flock of sparrows. He remains jaunty and unconsciously devoted, whilst the blushing bride is a trifle nervous.

Sea-birds sweep close by us, and the partridges make little sallies from cover now and again. Already it is six o'clock as we near St. Peters, where two "Fathers" are welcomed aboard by the cheerful cleric from Lenox Ferry.

With his arm in hers our bridal pair sauntered on shore, and I am quite exercised over the dreary prospect of their loss. But, no; they have chatted with some country maidens, whose titters of merriment surround them, when "all aboard" in wild accents brings them back to the bosom of their fellow-passengers. Nothing could be narrower than the passage upon which now we float. The great, winding of a windlass opens the gates of a canal twenty-six feet wide, through which we carefully move for half a mile, almost touching the high side walls hewn from solid rock or patched with masonry. We pass the high drawbridge, turn swiftly round a point of land, and behold a wondrous vision of earth and sky! Truly an arm of gold reaching and embracing the nestling hills and islets at this enchanting hour in this river-like Bras d'Or. And with the daylight still lingering, rises the slender crescent proudly, with a pale star, like a hand-maid, following. Fainter grows the light, though the stars multiply and night falls on land and lake. We linger on deck watching the long, glistening reflection of the moon's silver train until she is hidden again in the rolling hills which form our horizon. There are gay parties aboard chatting and laughing, but my companion and I are rather silent, this being the highest tribute to the beauties that smile upon us. And still we linger to see the lake stretch itself out in broad lagoons and receding bays. The tiny white boxes of some eight feet square, each surmounted by a pole, upon all the capes and promontories, now swing red lanterns, like stationary fire-flies. The stillness is intense; no boats, no human sounds; only the wild bird's occasional note breaks the quiet that invites to slumber. No hammocks being provided on deck, we repair to our truly neat little rooms.

Wednesday morning sees us up betimes, though hardly "bright and early," for a fog dims our prospect as we make fast to Sydney wharf. A rustic youth has taken—or rather undertaken—our heavy bags, which nearly anchor him, and marches us up a muddy bank to a muddy street, thence to the house recommended by a reliable friend. It is a thatched cottage, low and not large, scarcely a perceptible second-story, with pretty flowers in the windows and abundant vines to redeem its plainness. Mrs. King, our hostess, is the daughter of an English official and the widow of an officer in the Forty-second Highlanders; as thoroughly English as her own mother could have been. But she had not made her appearance so early; therefore, leaving our traps, we strolled about town. Music softly stealing from a bright, open church arrested our steps, and we entered. Twenty little maidens robed and vailed in gauzy white knelt in the front pews, and opposite as many boys in Sunday attire. They were making their first communion a beautiful and affecting sight. A half-hour spent in seeing Sydney, and we returned to our kind landlady for hints about the neighborhood. Seated in her pretty parlor, we told her that our object in coming so far, aside from all the joy of beautiful scenery, was an interest in these foreign parts, their people and their history. "Then you will drive to Louisburg," she said at once, and struck the key-note of our inquiries. We must at once engage a trap for to-morrow, and start at least as early as five in the morning. She also tells us there are large coal mines all about, copper mines, too, and a new railway.

Many ocean-bound vessels load up for their voyages in Sydney Harbor, which makes it a busy scene, and but a week before, we are told, there were three French naval vessels, with the most charming officers aboard, who were universally entertained and gave a great ball. The French naval station, almost overhanging the water, is the most attractive house of Sydney. A camp of Micmac Indians near the town attracts some visitors, as they speak their own language and remain about as unattractive as our Western tribes; but my companion stoutly refused to undertake a walk of three miles in the rain for a sight so delightful.

Thursday morning at five o'clock the gray dawn awakes two travellers who, after breakfasting on cold meats and bread, repair to Keneth McKenzie's stable to find him in great tribulation, having only one horse for us; but we lighten the burden of his life by accepting with humility a "one-horse shay," instead of a prancing pair and driver, being assured we had only to keep to the telegraph wires to find Louisburg, twenty-three miles away. The day is made for our drive, only light, passing clouds temper the pleasant sunlight, whilst the air is delicious. Along good country dirt roads our attenuated steed flies as if it were by the job he earned his oats and time were precious. He has many good traits, but looks are not one, yet we grow fond of him in a day. Past scattered farms, through odorous pine woods, along clear, murmuring streams we dash regardless of ruts or rocks, but not oblivious of the profusion of wild-flowers and berries that we have not time to pluck. Leaving the Cariboo Marsh to the West, we cross the Mira River, widening through its own lovely bay to the Atlantic, and perceive a true ocean breeze. All the little bridges are corduroy, so conducive to fine jolts. We purchase some raspberries from a young Highland lassie who speaks nothing but Gaelic, and can only say "Ten cents" to our inquiries about the berries. They are most refreshing. It seems quite twenty miles since we had started, having watered our beast more than once, but the few country travellers are long since passed, and we push on, hoping the brow of each hill will reveal old Louisburg, when, at the most unexpected moment, upon turning a slight bend of the wooded road, we come close upon the fishing settlement which constitutes the modern village. To the south reaches out a long curved peninsula, upon which are the ruins of the fort, and to the north a curved cape, making a sheltered harbor, in which lie small islands; beyond them the lazy sail-boats, and then the ocean.

We lunch at the Central House, an inn of very small proportions, and then pick up "Johnnie," a young English cicerone, who is to guide us to the fort. He has two responses, "Yish, um," and "Naw, um," and ventures absolutely no information. However, reaching the vicinity of the fort, we leave the buggy and Johnnie on the grass-grown road.

Fishermen's huts, old boats and fishing-gear line the harbor's banks outside the fort; and the huge fishermen, bearded and tanned, resting during the noon hour, complete the artistic picture.

All the powder England has used to demolish the great fortress has not succeeded in obliterating it from the earth; for here we can trace the battlements; there curve the arches of the ancient magazines; long lines of broken stone mark the outer works, and natures sentinels, the bold black rocks, are grand and gloomy still.

Mounting one of these, which towers up from the water's edge, we are enabled to view the entire landscape. To the north heaves the land-locked harbor, flashing and sparkling in the cold north wind; to the east roars the sea, dashing against the rock-bound coast, and in the opposite direction, beyond the landward moats, stretches a dreary marsh.

A century and a half ago this desolate spot was a martial city, with streets, a stone church, a convent and a substantial hospital; and held within its walls four thousand souls. Upon its fortifications France had spent 30,000,000 *livres*, and its garrison consisted of tried and valiant regulars from the mother country, reinforced by picked soldiers of the colony.

Amidst such surroundings it requires no strong imagination to recall the past and to picture the *Fleur de Lis*, fanned by the pure breezes of Cape Breton, floating defiantly over the mighty fortress. Then come Amherst's undaunted attacks; the fierce bombarding; the burning ships and more tragic conflagrations within two walls, and upon June 26, 1758, Drucour raises the white flag after a long and gallant defense. Thus the strongest fortress of America passes from the hands of France along with Cape Breton and Prince Edwards Island.

Now, over this field of crimson strife, over bastion, citadel and burying-ground alike, the turf spreads its green mantle of peace; the roving flocks gather at night in the old powder vaults, and the farmers reap their fields within the ruins of the west gate.

Three hours have quickly passed when we return to our buggy, and, parting with Johnnie, drive back to Sydney.

Two o'clock, on the afternoon of Friday, is the time fixed for us to leave, but rough weather has prevented our steamer, the *Marion*, from rounding the outer coast to gain the harbor, so we cross in the *Peerless* to North Sydney.

Here we are put on the front seat of a wagon carrying seven other passengers, with the driver standing in front of the dash-board and driving at a good speed across three miles of farm lands to Little Bras d'Or, where the *Marion* lay. I gathered from conversation in this drive that the railway of Cape Breton is being built by the government, but it does not seem to progress rapidly.

The miners of coal and copper take great numbers of the men, and the free high education unfits so many for the farm-life that provisions are becoming expensive and forage scarce. Our drive brings us to the boat soon after three o'clock, and we can have a good walk up the road before she will start at five.

Whom should we find on board, to my delight, but the bride and groom, still arm in arm and still the white bouquet. They honor us with nods of recognition.

We glide smoothly out from the dock and along this salty lake of tranquil beauty, when, as it narrows, its loveliness is startling. To the west rise bold, broad hills all thickly wooded, and to the east tower wooded rocks to cloudy heights. A broken outline of shaggy summits frown down upon clear, fathomless depths of gently surging water.

Passing again into the wider portion of Bras d'Or we reach Baddeck, which they call "Badéck," in the same way that they call the Bras d'Or the "Bedáw," and here we really parted with our bridal-pair, never to see them again.

A drizzling fog has driven us in from deck, and unfortunately not being the happy possessors of state-rooms, we are obliged to await our luck at Grand Narrows, where we tie up for the night. Eight of us are therefore conducted by lantern light through the rain to a hotel some yards from the wharf, where our repose in comfortable rooms is as hearty as brief, for we are called at four A. M.

We are detained half an hour for H. M's mail on the *Neptune*. The first pale light of day glimmers in the east and the gray mottled clouds look grave enough, until some moments later soft pink touches appear here and there. The water taking up the inspiration reflects the struggling roseate light encouragingly.

We are off to the west-by-south, and a delicate, glittering pink lies in our wake, the far-away hills become more distinct, and it is really day. Island after island, promontory after promontory, green and varied, outlined so differently yet so gracefully, glide by, with over all the exquisite coloring. We have again drawn into the narrow channel of St. Peter, the gates passed, and we make a landing.

The Big and Little Bras d'Or are left behind, only a memory of haunting, harmonious loveliness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SOMETHING TO BE AVOIDED.

We would guard the young against the use of every word that is not perfectly proper. Use no profane expression—allude to no sentence that would put to blush the most sensitive. You know not the tendency of habitually using indecent and profane language. It may never be obliterated from your hearts. When you grow up you will find at your tongue's end some expression you would not use for any money. By being careful, you will save yourself a great deal of mortification and sorrow. Good men have been taken sick and become delirious. In these moments they have used the most vile and indecent language imaginable. When informed of it, after a restoration of health, they had no idea of the pain they had given their friends, and stated that they had learned and repeated the expressions in childhood, and though years had passed since they had spoken a bad word, the early impressions had been indelibly stamped upon the heart.

## A NOVEL DEFENSE.

BY W. THOMSON.

"What has become of Tom Grant?" said the leader of our party as we, one after another, roused up after a long mid-day sleep.

"Gone off, as usual, on a beetle and butterfly hunt, I suppose," replied Tom's chum, a young fellow named Austin.

"Well, it was a mighty foolish thing to do in these parts, without his rifle, and I see he has left that behind. When did he go?" rejoined the captain.

"Don't know, Cap, but I guess he never took a snooze at all. I waked up first of the crowd, and he was gone then," Austin somewhat anxiously answered.

Charlie Blake, whom we had elected captain of the expedition, out of deference to his longer experience in the country, turned to the party, with a very serious expression on his handsome face, and said:

"Boys, it is now two o'clock. We've been sleeping for over an hour and a half, and Grant may have been gone all that time. He is quite unarmed, and the brakes and thickets about here are full of jaguars, panthers, palmcats and wild-hogs; and, worst of all, the terrible tree-boa is by no means rare. Most of these creatures lie close hidden during the heat of the day, but Tom is just as likely as not to run right into their lairs, or, by his single presence, tempt some of them from cover, and if he does— Well, we had better lose no time in hunting him up."

We were a party of six: five of us young fellows, from Boston, who had lately graduated and were now, before settling down to the serious business of life, spending a few months in Brazil, on a botanizing, entomological and hunting trip. The sixth man, Charlie Blake, was a thirty-year-old New Yorker, whom we had fortunately run against at Valverde, where he had been for some time engaged in trade, and who had very kindly consented to join us for a week or two, thus supplying to the rather light-headed a much-needed modicum of ballast.

Of late, we had made Valverde our headquarters, but we were now out on a tour of exploration, and it was on the second day after leaving the old town that we found ourselves, at noon, in that prolific stretch of country which lies above the junction of and between the Tocantins and Rio del Tigre river. A wonderful land, indeed! whose amazing richness of tropical vegetation, gorgeous bloom of endless flowers, myriad birds of brilliant plumage and incredible wealth of scarcely less brilliant insects, on every side delight the eye; but whose groves and swamps, dark forests and deep-grassed plains teem, alas! with noxious, venomous life, and in the green-scummed waters of whose stagnant lagoons deadly malaria forever lurks.

We had lain down beneath the shade of a clump of vine-clad cypress and gum-trees to sleep away the hot noontide hours, and discovered, only on awaking, that Tom Grant, a never-tiring entomologist, had disappeared; but had it not been for Blake's warning words, none of us would have felt the least misgiving as to his safety.

Now, however, all were anxious to start out at once on the search; and extending ourselves into a line, with an interval of about fifty yards between each two men, we set off up-stream, knowing that our comrade must have taken that route, as the rivers' junction lay immediately below us.

Every now and then, as we pushed laboriously along through the almost impenetrable woods, one or another of us discharged a signal shot, in hope of hearing an answering halloo; but the only effect of our fire was to scare from their hiding-places or drive to deeper cover hundreds of screaming parrots, chattering monkeys and the thousand-and-one flying and creeping denizens of the forest wilds.

No human voice responded to our summons, and yet we felt assured of being on the right trail, for three several times we had found half-burnt matches, and once had picked up a fragment of drawing-paper which we knew to be Tom's. We had spent fully two hours in going, perhaps, as many miles, and not having lately come across further signs of our friend, Charlie Blake gave it as his opinion that, if still alive, he had lost himself and was probably wandering in a circle somewhere in the labyrinthine depths, where the sun, his only guide, could not penetrate.

"And, boys," he concluded, "if we do not find him before nightfall we shall never again see him in this world."

It was now past four o'clock, and already the gloom about us was sensibly deepening, and prowling beasts of prey began oc-